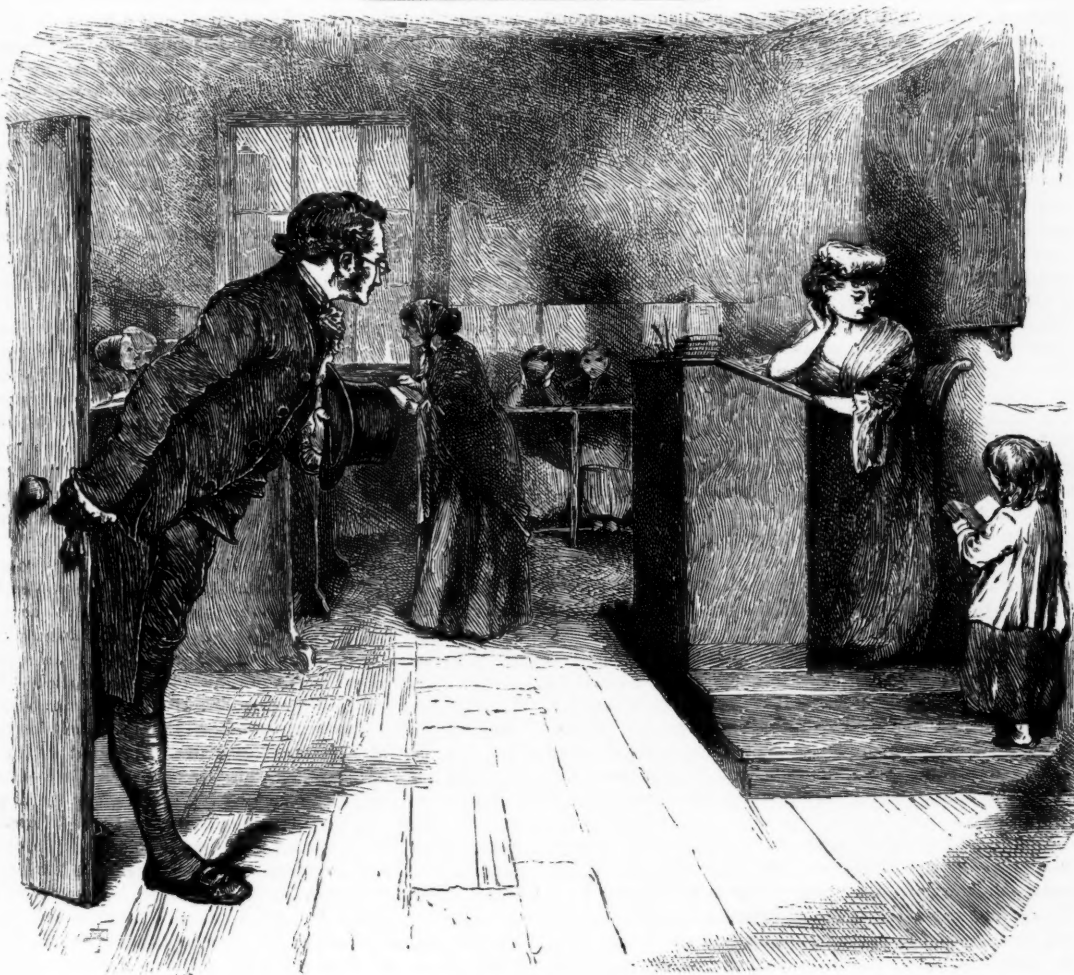


# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



MARY TALBOT'S SCHOOL-ROOM.

## THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XXIV.—MR. ASTON ASTONISHES THE RECTOR BY DISCLOSING TO HIM HIS RELATIONSHIP TO MARY TALBOT.

A WEEK of weary days and restless nights succeeded the evening on which Mary Talbot had heard the story of the robbery. Mr. Sharpe's minute description of the locket that Mr. Aston had lost, convinced her that she had either that, or one precisely similar to it in her possession. Her very soul revolted against the thought that her brother had been guilty of the crime of which she now knew Mr. Aston believed him guilty; and

yet she felt that the circumstantial evidence against him was almost conclusive. Her heart told her still that Henry was innocent—that, when he came to hear of what had occurred, he would be able to vindicate himself. Still, twenty times a day she asked herself the questions—"Why did not he show *me* the captain's letter that so unexpectedly summoned him to London? Why did he not confide to *me* the name of his generous schoolfellow at Eton? Why did not he even mention the name of the jeweller from whom he purchased the locket?"

Had Henry done either of these things his sister felt

that it would have been in her power to make his innocence manifest to the eyes of others. But as matters were, she was obliged to acknowledge that if she were in Mr. Aston's place, she herself would have strong suspicions of his guilt.

She felt grateful to Mr. Aston, however, for having kept his suspicions to himself. But now that the secret had been confided to old Dame Hoolit, she feared that ere long it would be spread throughout the village; and, in that case, against whom would the finger of suspicion be pointed? Surely against her brother. She recollected that the old gossips had hushed their voices when one put the question, "Who was the thief?" She believed that the nurse already suspected her brother Henry; and would not the accused fishermen come forward, and, as with one voice, point out her brother as the probable thief, in order to vindicate themselves? She wept scalding tears at the thought of such shame and ignominy.

The morning after her walk home with the curate, she rose from her bed more weary than when she had lain down. She felt sick and faint, and would willingly have remained at home; nevertheless, she hastened to her duties at an earlier hour than usual, fearful lest Mr. Sharpe should call at the farmhouse to inquire after her health. She was terrified at the thought of anything that might draw attention towards herself. Had she known herself to have been guilty she could not have been more timorous. Even as she passed through the village, she fancied, though it was but fancy, that the demeanour of the people whom she met was different towards her. She fancied that suspicion had already got abroad, and that those whom she passed by gazed curiously at her, or shrank from her. Some did gaze curiously at her, and some turned to look after her; but it was at her pale face and anxious weary looks that they gazed, and it was not scorn nor contempt, but pity for her anxiety that was in their hearts.

Mr. Sharpe kept his promise, and came early to the schoolroom. He found Miss Talbot busily engaged with a dull pupil, no "delightful task" for a weak frame and burdened spirit. On the part of the rector and Miss Wardour he urged her to return home and rest quiet for a few days. But she refused to listen, and, indeed, though she really needed rest, she was happier when her mind was employed, and when she was able to find a brief respite from the painful thoughts and deep anxieties in which she became absorbed whenever she found herself alone.

She looked forward more anxiously, more eagerly than ever, for the arrival of the American packet. It must, she thought, this time bring her a letter from Henry, and she had a strange hope, almost amounting to a belief, that the letter would contain some inference, or some explanation that would convince Mr. Aston, as well as herself, that her brother was innocent.

Alas for her hopes! As yet she had experienced but a forecast of sorrow and trouble. Her cup of bitterness had yet to be filled, and she was destined to drink it to the very dregs, though with her trials would come a support and comfort that she little dreamed of.

While brooding one evening over her troubles, the thought struck her that it was strange that the crest and motto of her mother's family should have been the same as those of Mr. Aston, and in the thought there was hope. Such being the case, might not the locket her brother had given her have belonged, as Henry himself had surmised, to some member of the Morton family? And if such were the case, what wonder that two lockets should resemble each other?

There seemed to her the more reason to believe that her brother's surmise was correct, in the fact that the portrait her locket contained bore so strong a resemblance to her mother and herself; and though Mr. Aston had not remarked this fact, but had appeared to think the miniature was the same that he had lost, he might, in his sudden suspicion, surprise, and anger, have merely remarked that there was the portrait of a female in the locket, without closely examining it.

Up to this moment she had been undecided as to what course she should pursue. Now she resolved to wait for the arrival of the expected letter, and then to seek an interview with Mr. Aston, and explain all that had passed between herself and her brother on the occasion of his return from London. Then, if Henry's letter did not contain in itself the exculpation she anticipated, she would write to him and tell him all that had occurred, and beg him to disclose the name of his old schoolfellow at Eton, and that of the jeweller from whom he had purchased the locket, and all would be satisfactorily explained.

That night she retired to rest with a lighter heart than she had known since she had heard the gossip of the two old dames in the cottage, and she rose in the morning happier and in better spirits than she had been for many weeks.

The next day the American packet arrived at Falmouth, but it brought no letter from Henry Talbot. It brought, however, the full particulars, gathered from the survivors, of the capture of the Amazon by pirates in the Gulf of Mexico, of the subsequent foundering of the ship, of the escape of the crew and passengers in the ship's boats, and of the supposed loss of two of those boats at sea, one having been picked up, bottom upwards, off the coast of Cuba, while the other had neither been seen nor heard of. There existed no doubt in the minds of the writers in the newspapers that all who were on board these boats had perished.

Then followed a list of the names of the survivors, among which neither the names of Captain Dobson nor Henry Talbot were to be found; and, moreover, one of the survivors had positively stated that the captain, and a Mr. Talbot, and six ladies, had quitted the ship's side in the pinnace, which had taken the lead of the other boats.

Mr. Aston received a packet of these newspapers by the mail, and he immediately carried them to the Rectory, and told Mr. Sinclair and Miss Wardour that he had received intimation of the loss of the Amazon by the previous mail, and had intended to have acquainted Miss Talbot with what he had heard; but, as he had hoped the missing pinnace might be heard of before the departure of the next packet, he had refrained from so doing. Now, however, that there seemed to be no doubt of Henry Talbot's fate, he entreated Miss Wardour to break the painful intelligence to Mary before she should learn it—as she soon must learn it—in a more abrupt manner. Miss Wardour, shocked as she was at the intelligence, willingly undertook the painful task, and went immediately to the farmhouse, taking with her the packet of newspapers which told the sad story of the loss of the Amazon.

When Miss Wardour had departed upon her errand, Mr. Aston took the rector aside, and, to Mr. Sinclair's great astonishment, acquainted him with the fact of his relationship to Mary Talbot.

He briefly explained the reasons wherefore he had kept the matter so long secret.

"You thought me eccentric, I dare say," he said, "when, during my sojourn in your house after the shipwreck, I was so reticent respecting the object of my visit to England. I wished to keep my arrival a secret.

I wished to surprise my relatives by appearing suddenly in their midst, like a man risen from the grave, or rather from the depths of the ocean. I was foolish enough to believe I should find things as I left them when a boy, forty years ago, and I was most bitterly disappointed. My old father, I thought, *might* have died; I found that my brothers also were dead, and that my sister had married and gone away from the paternal home, none knew whither. My time during my absence has been vainly employed in searching after this sister; but I could learn nothing beyond the fact that she had married a naval officer, against the wishes of her guardians, and had been most unjustly and cruelly treated in consequence thereof. Little did I imagine that I should discover the children of my poor sister in this remote village. I suspected that your young governess was my sister's child when I first heard her history from you; and I need not say that, when I found my suspicions correct, I was more than satisfied with her personal appearance and mental attributes. I kept my secret, however, until I should know her more intimately; but it was my intention to declare my relationship to Henry before he sailed for America. My sudden illness prevented me from so doing; and when I began to recover my health I still kept the secret from Mary. Now, however, I think the time has come when it is advisable to disclose it. There is, I fear, no doubt that the poor boy Henry has perished at sea; and it may be some comfort to my niece to learn that her brother's untimely death has not left her alone in the world, but that she has an uncle and cousins ready and anxious to receive her and comfort her in her affliction.

"I shall not see her to-day. It will be better to leave her with Miss Wardour until she has in some measure recovered from the shock of this painful intelligence. To-morrow I propose to go to her and tell her that I am her uncle Henry, her mother's favourite brother, and that henceforward she will find in me a second father, and in my son and daughter a brother and sister ready to love her.

"I desire still to retain my incognito, for reasons that you shall know hereafter. To you and your niece, and Doctor Pendriggen and Mr. Sharpe, who may know my secret, I will still be Mr. Aston. None others will know my real name until the time shall arrive when I think it advisable to disclose it."

Mr. Sinclair was equally surprised and pleased at this singular revelation. It explained much that he had thought strange and eccentric in Mr. Aston's conduct, and he sought to know no more until the time should come when the whole should be revealed. He, however, sympathised sincerely with Mary Talbot, and was truly glad to learn that she had a wealthy relation willing and eager to befriend her and comfort her amidst her sore trials.

CHAPTER XXV.—MARY TALBOT LEARNS THAT SHE HAS AN UNCLE AND COUSINS, HITHERTO UNKNOWN TO HER.

It is a common adage that "misfortunes never come single;" and though, like other vulgar adages, it is not always true, it is certainly very frequently verified. One mishap, or one evil deed, frequently generates another; and thus we are apt to attribute to some mysterious agency that which is but the natural result of cause and effect.

The evil that Mary Talbot had dreaded, ever since she had listened to the conversation in old Dame Hoolit's cottage, came to pass—came to pass on the very day on which the American packet arrived at Falmouth.

Dame Hoolit had related the story, which had been confided to her as a secret, to some neighbouring gossip, also as a secret; and so it had passed from one to another, until it reached the ears of the fishermen, who had for some time lain under the suspicions of Mr. Aston, and was soon known to every inhabitant of the village and parish.

The fishermen, eager to vindicate themselves, and angry at the very idea that such a base deed should be imputed to them, loudly asserted their innocence, and demanded that the matter, so far as they were concerned, should be thoroughly investigated. They did not hesitate to assert that, when they were called to the assistance of the sick gentleman, the young gentleman, "his nevey," who was standing by his side, had already unbuttoned his coat and loosened his neck-cloth; and to hint, pretty broadly, that he alone could have stolen the pocket-book, if it *had* been stolen by any one; and they called upon Jemmy Tapley to verify their assertions.

Great as was the esteem in which Mary Talbot was held by the majority of the villagers, there were many envious persons ready and eager to seize upon the first opportunity afforded to them to detect a flaw in her character, and to bring her down beneath their own level.

These evil reports were not long in reaching the Rectory, and coming to the ears of Mr. Sinclair and his niece. The rector had heard them while visiting among his parishioners, and on his return home he found Miss Wardour, just arrived from the farmhouse, where she had passed the day with Miss Talbot.

"How did you leave her, poor thing?" inquired he of his niece.

"Very sad, uncle," replied Miss Wardour. "She had so confidently expected a letter from her brother by the packet which arrived yesterday; and then, instead of the looked-for letter, to hear this news! I would have remained with her all night, but she wished to be left alone; so I told Mrs. Lawton to pay her every attention, and came away, promising to call early to-morrow."

"My dear Sarah," said Mr. Sinclair, "since you have been absent I have heard something which has alike pleased and astonished me, and also something which has caused me much annoyance."

Mr. Sinclair then told his niece the story he had heard from Mr. Aston, greatly to the young lady's surprise and delight; but, before she had much time to express her astonishment, he related the rumours he had heard in the village respecting the theft of Mr. Aston's pocket-book.

"But surely, uncle," said Miss Wardour, "*you* do not attach any credit to these rumours? The very idea that such suspicion rested upon her brother would crush Miss Talbot; and just now, especially, poor thing."

"I do *not*, Sarah," replied the rector. "Dr. Pendriggen, Mr. Sharpe, and myself are alike convinced that Mr. Aston lost his pocket-book in Falmouth the day before that on which he was taken ill; and I am inclined to believe that *he* also holds to the same opinion. But he is just one of those men who, once having made an assertion, will adhere to it rather than acknowledge themselves to have been in error. What confirms me in this belief is Mr. Aston's unwillingness to allude to the subject of his loss."

"But surely, uncle," said Miss Wardour, "he will not continue thus obstinate when he hears that his nephew is suspected of the robbery?"

"I hope not, my dear," replied Mr. Sinclair. "I



think not. Mr. Aston, as we must still style him, is a man who will listen to reason; and I have no doubt that he will be ready to do anything to clear the characters of his niece and his lost nephew, and also to satisfy the fishermen that he entertains no suspicion that they are guilty of so base a crime."

"Poor Mary!" said Miss Wardour. "All sorts of trouble seem to have come upon her at once;" and with this she turned away to attend to some household duty.

That evening Mr. Sinclair visited Cliff Cottage, and acquainted Mr. Aston with the rumours which were afloat in the village.

Mr. Aston was greatly annoyed.

"Mary must not know of these rumours," he said, "or if she has heard them, she must be informed immediately that none of her friends entertain any such suspicions. Poor child! She has sorrow enough to bear just now;" and he empowered Mr. Sinclair to acquaint the fishermen that he was perfectly satisfied of their innocence of the robbery.

"And let it also be known," he added, "that I *may* have been mistaken in my assertion that the pocket-book was in my possession when I was suddenly seized with illness. Poor, dear Mary—anything rather than she should have fresh trouble thrown upon her just now. At all events I will see her to-day. I dread, and yet I am anxious for the interview. Poor, dear girl. She shall hear from my lips, after I have declared my relationship, that I exonerate her brother from the slightest suspicion. It is a mystery, but it will be cleared up in the course of time."

As soon as Mr. Sinclair had left him, Mr. Aston went to the farmhouse:

Mary Talbot had hardly recovered from the fit of weeping to which she had given way on the departure of Miss Wardour, when there came a gentle tap at her door, and Mr. Aston entered her little parlour.

Approaching towards the sorrowing girl, he took her hand, and in a gentle tone of voice said—

"Mary, I have come to condole with you on your great loss, and also to ask pardon for my conduct when I last visited you. You must accord me your forgiveness, my dear, for I, like yourself, am a mourner. I mourn the loss of a nephew, as do you the untimely fate of a brother."

He hesitated a few moments, as if he scarcely knew how to explain the object of his visit, and then went on—

"My dear Mary, you have heard your mother speak of her youngest and favourite brother—your uncle Henry? I am he. Your uncle stands before you, anxious to claim you as his beloved niece, and to afford you such comfort as he may in your severe affliction."

For a moment Mary fancied that her visitor was insane. There was terror in the glance she cast upon him. But the next moment she recollected the numerous acts of kindness he had shown her and her brother—the manifest interest he had taken in her from the date of her first introduction to him, until his last visit—the searching questions he had put to her from time to time, which had frequently caused her to wonder what object he could have in putting them. All these manifestations of interest flashed vividly to her recollection. Then his voice and manner were gentle and earnest. She seemed to feel that he had spoken truly; and she remembered how often her mother had spoken of her brother Henry, who had left his home when a boy, and was supposed to have been lost at sea. Often had she heard her mother wonder if Henry were really dead, or whether he might not some day turn up again, and return to England to surprise his friends, as one risen from the

dead, until these speculations had grown fainter and fainter as years passed away, and she had said with a sigh, whenever she alluded to the subject, "No. Poor Henry is really lost to me, or he would have never remained absent and silent for so many long years."

The last time she had heard her mother speak of this long-lost, much-loved brother, the only playmate of her early childhood, was soon after her father was lost at sea.

Mrs. Talbot was lying in bed, propped up with pillows, and, as Mary thought, asleep—when suddenly she opened her eyes and murmured to herself—

"Ah! If poor Henry had lived, I should have no anxiety for the future worldly welfare of my dear children. Long after all others believed him dead, I hoped, and looked for his return. But it is too long ago. Forty years! He will never return now!"

"Can it be possible," thought Mary, as these recollections recurred to her, "that my poor mother's long-lost brother—my long-lost uncle Henry, now stands before me?"

She gazed for a few moments intently into his face. Then, actuated by an uncontrollable impulse, "Uncle!" she exclaimed, and as she sprang up from her chair was caught in her uncle's arms.

In an instant, however, she withdrew herself.

"It cannot be," she said. "You are deceiving me. Your name is Aston?"

"My name is Morton, my dear niece," was the reply. "I assumed the name of Aston—the name of my deceased wife—in order that, unsuspected by any one, I might find the relations—my sister especially—whom I came from America to seek. I have kept it until now, that, unknown to you, I might watch over you. Mr. Sinclair has heard my story; and now, my dear Mary, the time has come when I think it necessary to make myself known in my proper character to you. You are not alone in the world, my love. You have an uncle who will—were it only for your dear departed mother's sake—be in future all that your father could have been had he lived."

Mary doubted no longer. Her uncle's earnest, compassionate gaze, the tone of voice in which he spoke, more than his words, carried conviction to her heart, and with a faint cry she yielded herself to his embrace, and wept tears of mingled sorrow and gladness on his breast.

He soothed and comforted her for awhile, as he might have soothed and petted a sorrowing child; and for the moment she seemed to have forgotten her sorrows, in the new and unexpected source of consolation that was opened to her. Presently, however, the recollection of her brother's loss returned to her, and—at that moment more painful still—the recollection of the terrible suspicion that her newly-found uncle entertained.

Releasing herself from his embrace, she drew back to her seat, and, still standing, strove to speak; but though her lips moved, they were unable to frame the words she wished to utter. Her colour went and came, and her limbs trembled and tottered to that degree, that, but for the support of the table, which she nervously clutched with one hand, she would have sunk to the floor. She gasped for breath, and the room seemed to swim around her.

Mr. Aston (as I must still continue to style the returned Henry Morton) surmised the cause of her distress. Approaching towards her, he gently seated her in her chair, and then, seating himself by her side said, quietly and tenderly—

"You wish to speak, my dear niece, of our last inter-

view in this room, when I behaved so rudely—so unkindly. For that fault I ought to have apologised ere now. But I was surprised, and I—I——”

He hesitated as though he knew not how to proceed; but Mary had now found words.

“You saw the locket you had lost in my possession,” she murmured, still almost inaudibly. Then, gathering courage, she went on. “I—I had not then even heard of your loss; and Henry—oh, sir, it is strange, very strange; but if—if you had known my poor brother, as I have known him from his childhood, you—you——”

“Would believe him incapable of crime,” he kindly interrupted, “as *you* do, and as *I* do. Yes, my dear Mary, I will not, cannot think evil of—of him whose memory is dear to us both, and who is not here to vindicate himself, and prove his innocence. I will, I *do* believe that there is some strange mystery connected with this matter, which will in due time be revealed.”

“It will, it *will*,” murmured Mary. “Oh, thank you, thank you, uncle, for those kind, generous words. Henry is guiltless of this crime. I feel it *here*,” and she placed her hand on her heart.

“I can speak of the locket now,” she continued, after a brief pause. “Uncle, I will bring it here,” and, rising from her seat, she brought forth the trinket from her writing-desk and placed it in Mr. Aston’s hand.

“It is more fitting that the trinket should remain in your possession, my dear Mary,” replied her uncle.

“It once belonged to your grandmother, and afterwards to your mother, my love. Your dear mother gave it to me to keep for her sake, when she was a little girl, and I was but a few years older than she, as the most valuable of her treasures. Little did either of us think at that moment that we were about to part for ever in this world.

“It is a family heirloom, and I have treasured it carefully amid all the vicissitudes of my life; now it is but right that it should descend to you.”

He then proceeded to point out to her the coat of arms and the motto beneath; but though he meant kindly, Mary keenly felt that he had destroyed the hope that had lightened her heart when the thought had first struck her, that, since Mr. Aston’s crest and her own grandfather’s were so similar, it was reasonable to suppose that there might have been two lockets in existence, each engraved with a similar crest and motto.

He did not destroy her firm belief in her brother’s innocence, but he rendered one reasonable explanation of the manner in which the trinket came into her brother’s possession untenable, and deepened the mystery that surrounded the affair.

She, however, candidly related, word for word, as nearly as her memory served her, all that had passed between herself and Henry on the evening of his return from London.

“None of his actions betrayed a consciousness of guilt,” she said at last, “and, strange as things appear, I am as satisfied of poor Henry’s innocence in this matter, uncle, as I am conscious of my own.”

“We will never allude to the matter again, my dear,” replied Mr. Aston, “until the mystery, in which I am sure it is involved, is revealed. That, some day, it will be revealed, we will both hope—not only for poor Henry’s sake, but for our own satisfaction.

“Now, my dear, put the locket aside. Treasure it as a *souvenir* of your brother, and as an heirloom that has descended to you from your grandmother, till the day shall arrive when we can examine it again together.”

Mr. Aston then related to his niece the story of his early

career; told how he had been shipwrecked ere he had been forty-eight hours from home; how he had been confined for many months in a French prison at Montauban, from whence he had escaped and made his way on foot through France, and got on board a vessel bound to Portugal, whence he had sailed to India, and subsequently wandered over half the world, ever intending to return to England; how, in course of time, his desire to return grew weaker and weaker, till he finally resolved that he would never return, unless as a rich man, though he had always retained a fond recollection of his sister Mary, her mother. Then he told how he had come to settle down in the Far West of America, and had married and become the father of a family, and had gradually increased in wealth, until he became rich even beyond his hopes and expectations. He spoke of his son and daughter, still living in America, though his wife and four of his children were dead; and told how, at length, he had yearned so strongly to return to his home and friends, that he at last embarked for England from New York, and had been shipwrecked on the coast—a second time—in the bay near by; and how grievously disappointed he had been when he discovered that his brothers were dead, and that his sister had gone away from her native village, none knew whither; and how, after searching for months, in vain, for tidings of his sister, he had come again to St. David, as if directed by the finger of Providence, to find his sister’s child.

Many things he left to be told on future occasions; but as Mary listened with interest to his eventful story, and with especial interest to his description of his far-distant American home, and of the cousins still living there, of whom she had never heard until now, she felt herself beguiled from her grief, and when at length he parted from her for the night, he left her with a lighter heart than, but a few hours before, she had thought she would ever again bear in her bosom.

## CURIOSITIES OF LAMBETH.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

### I.

THE large parish of Lambeth, nearly eighteen miles in circumference, has in its history many strange things worthy of note. Its ancient archiepiscopal palace is a museum of antiquities in itself; while every portion of the parish abounds with that nook-and-corner interest which yields a plentiful crop of curiosities. Yet, change has been busy in this suburban district. Lambeth was anciently a village of Surrey; and, two centuries ago, it retained much of its rural character in its arable, pasture, and meadow lands, and its osier, garden-ground, and wood. It ranges along the south bank of the Thames from Vauxhall towards Southwark, and extends to Norwood, Streatham, and Croydon; it also included part of the Forest of Oak, called Norwood, belonging to the See of Canterbury, wherein was the Vicar’s Oak (cut down in 1679), at which point four parishes meet. This famous oak bore mistletoe, which some persons cut for the gain of selling it to the apothecaries of London, leaving a branch to sprout out; but some proved unfortunate after it, for one of them fell lame, another lost an eye! At length, in the year 1678, a certain man, notwithstanding he was warned against it upon account of what others had suffered, adventured to cut the tree down, and he soon after broke his leg; all which disasters are recorded in the “Magna Britannia,” of Lysons.

The name of Lambeth has been variously written at different times. The earliest mention of it is in a charter

of King Edward the Confessor, dated 1062, confirming several grants to the Abbey of Waltham, in Essex. There it is written *Lambe-hithe*. Most etymologists trace the name to *lam*, *dirt*, and *hythe*, a *haven*. Dr. Ducarel derives it from *lamb*, a *lamb*, and *hythe*, a *haven*; but that eminent antiquary, Dr. Gale, derives it from its contiguity to a Roman road, or *leaman*, which is generally supposed to have terminated at the river at Stangate, whence there was a passage over the Thames. Here the foundations are completed of St. Thomas's Hospital, which, it will be recollected, is to be built on the ground reclaimed by the southern embankment of the Thames.

In the earliest historic times the greater part of modern Lambeth must have been a swamp, overflowed by every tide, and forming a vast lake at high water. The Romans embanked the Thames on the south side, and did something towards draining the marsh. Roman remains have been discovered in St. George's Fields and at Kennington; and some antiquaries have thought that it was among the Lambeth Marshes that Plautus got entangled after his victory over the Britons, and that he retired thence to the strong entrenchment still to be traced near Bromley. The great Roman road from the south coast at Newhaven, through East Grinstead to London, entered Lambeth at Brixton, crossed Kennington to Newington, and there divided; the eastern branch going to Southwark, and the western across St. George's Fields to Stangate Ferry. The first of these roads is preserved to this day in Newington Causeway. In 1016, Canute laid siege to London, and, finding the east side of the bridge impregnable, conveyed his ships through a channel (Canute's Trench) dug in the marshes south of the Thames, so as to attack it from the west. Maitland, in 1739, imagined he had succeeded in tracing this canal; and in 1823, in excavations between the Fishmongers' Almshouses and Newington Church, some piles and posts were discovered with rings for mooring barges; also a pot of coins of Charles II and William III. A parishioner, aged 109 years, who died early in the present century, remembered when boats came up the "river," as far as the church at Newington.

A few years later, in 1041, Hardicanute, the last of the Danish Kings of England, died suddenly at Lambeth; though others place it at Clapham, which may then have formed part of Lambeth. It was the seat of Osgod Clapa, a Danish nobleman, at the marriage feast of whose daughter, Gytha or Goda, with Tovi Prudham, another noble Dane, Hardicanute was a guest; and, says the "Saxon Chronicle," expired with a tremendous struggle, as he stood drinking—not without suspicion of poison. A popular holiday commemorated this event for many generations, by a feast called Hock Tide, and the churchwardens' accounts at Lambeth show entries, till 1566, of sums gathered at these festivals, and applied to the repairs of the church. The Germans, to this day, call a wedding feast *hochzeit*, hock tide; and hock tide sports are still kept up in parts of Wiltshire and Berkshire.

According to William of Malmesbury, after the death of King Edward, Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, placed the crown on his head with his own hands, at Lambhythe.

In Domesday there are mentioned for Lambeth twelve villans, twenty-seven bordars, a church, and nineteen burgesses in London, and wood for three hogs; and the value of the manor is stated at £11. It passed, after sundry changes, to Bishop Gundulph, of Rochester, who taxed it with an annual supply of 900 lampreys, and his

successor demanded, in addition, a yearly salmon to be caught, of course off the Thames boundary; just as offerings of salmon from the Thames were anciently made upon the high altar of St. Peter's at Westminster.

In 1197, the manor of Lambeth came by exchange into the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom it has remained ever since, except from the deposition of Laud, in 1640, till the Restoration of Charles II, in 1660. The present palace is the manor-house and, with the gardens and ground, forms an extra-parochial district. Its history has already been narrated in this journal, together with its curiosities. Archbishop Howley expended some £60,000 in restoring the fine old place. As Archbishop, he crowned three sovereigns, George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria, and his consecration was witnessed by Queen Charlotte, when her Majesty was seventy years of age.

The Lollards' Tower and the Gate House are the oldest portions of the palace. At the gate, the *dole*, immemorably given to the poor by the Archbishops of Canterbury, is distributed. It consists of fifteen quatern loaves, nine stone of beef, and five shillings worth of halfpence, divided into three equal portions, and distributed every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, among thirty poor parishioners of Lambeth; the beef being made into soup, and served in pitchers. Among the treasures of the palace are—the library, left to Lambeth for "the service of God and his Church, and of the kings and commonwealth of this realm;" the MSS. (some exquisitely illuminated), and the records and letters of undying interest; the gloomy prison-tower, and the noble two-storied hall *louvre*; the armorial glass; the pictures, not forgetting the Archbishops' portraits, and their chronological wigs; the priests' ancient habit; the Coronation Service-book, and Aggas's rare View of London in Queen Elizabeth's reign; the descendants of Pole's fig-tree; the shell of Laud's aged tortoise; and the solemnity of the palace gardens.

Near the palace gate was the Ferry, granted by patent to the Archbishop of Canterbury, it seems in 1750, when Westminster Bridge was opened.

St. Mary's (the mother church) has a perpendicular tower, with a beacon turret. Here sleep many archbishops beneath stately tombs. Thirleby, the first and only Bishop of Westminster, died a prisoner in the palace, and was buried here; his body was discovered wrapped in fine linen, the face perfect, the beard long and white, the linen and woollen garments well preserved, with the cap of silk and point-lace, slouched hat, cassock, and pieces of garments like a pilgrim's habit. Here lies Ashmole, the antiquary; and in the churchyard, the Tradescants, father and son,

"Those famous antiquarians, that had been  
Both gardeners to the Rose and Lily Queen,"

beneath an emblematic tomb, sculptured with palm-trees, hydra and scull, obelisk and pyramid, and Grecian ruins, crocodile, and shells. In one of the church windows, the Pedlar, with his pack and dogs, is said to represent the person who bequeathed "Pedlar's Acre" to the parish; but it is rather thought to be a *rebus* on the name of *Chapman*, and to have nothing to do with the bequest. Beneath the church walls, Mary, Queen of James II, found shelter with her infant son, after she had crossed the river by the Horseferry from Westminster; here the Queen remained a whole hour on the night of December 9th, 1688, until a coach arrived to convey her to Gravesend, whence she sailed for France. Among the notabilities in the old burial-ground, near the High Street, was the Countess de la Motte, who figured in the mysterious story of the Diamond Necklace, and



the Queen of France, before the French Revolution. And in the parish register is recorded the interment of the venerable Dr. Andrew Perne, who is reported to have changed his religion four times within twelve years. Dr. Perne was Dean of Ely; he resided at Stockwell, a village of Lambeth. The neighbourhood was celebrated for game of all sorts, and Queen Elizabeth granted to Dr. Perne a license "to appoint one of his servants, by special name, to shoot with any cross-bow, hand-gonne, hasquedent, or demy-hack, at all manner of dead-marks, at all manner of crows, rooks, cormorants, kytes, puttocks, and such like bustards, wyld swans, barnacles, and all manner of sea-fowls, fen-fowls, wild doves, small birds, teals, coots, ducks, and all manner of deare, red, fallow, and roo."

Lambeth had formerly some noble mansions, as Norfolk House, where lived the Earl of Norfolk, in the time of Edward I; and where resided the celebrated Earl of Surrey, when under the tuition of Leland the antiquary. The site and ground are now occupied by Norfolk Row and Hodges' Distillery, removed here from the site of the Millbank Penitentiary, in 1812. Here are stills, varying from 500 to 3,000 gallons; a steam-engine of twenty horse-power, to work the machinery; and large glass air-tight cisterns, to receive the produce of the distillation; and here is an iron cistern to hold many thousand gallons. The Dukes of Norfolk had also in Lambeth, on the banks of the Thames, a garden, let to one Cuper, who decorated it with fragments of the Arundelian Marbles, given to him by his former master, the Earl of Arundel, whose gardener Cuper had been. These sculptures were afterwards buried in a piece of ground adjoining, along with rubbish from the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral, then rebuilding by Wren; but the sculptures were disinterred, and the site let to Messrs. Beaufoy, for their vinegar works, which, on the building of Waterloo Bridge, were removed to South Lambeth, the site of the mansion and deer-park of Sir Noel Caron: Here, among Beaufoy's works, we read of a vessel of sweet wine, containing 59,109 gallons, and another of vinegar, of 56,799 gallons, the lesser of which exceeds the famous Heidelberg Tun; yet English tourists gaze at the tun, ignorant that they have a greater wonder at home. Mr. Beaufoy was an eminent mathematician; with his wealth he built and endowed schools for the poor, and presented to the Corporation of London a valuable collection of Tradesmen's Tavern Tokens, to be seen in the library at the Guildhall.

Another noted Lambeth mansion was Carlisle House, the palace of the Bishops of Rochester, until it was granted by Henry VIII to the See of Carlisle. Here, in 1531, Richard Rose, or Rose, a cook, poisoned seventeen persons by throwing some poison into a vessel of yeast; for this he was attainted of treason, and boiled to death in Smithfield, by an *ex post facto* law passed for the purpose, but repealed in the next reign. Carlisle House was not taken down until the year 1827.

Belvedere House was a noted pleasure-haunt, and upon part of the site and gardens were established, in 1785, the Lambeth Waterworks, first taking their waters from the borders of the Thames; then from its centre, near Hungerford Bridge, by a cast-iron conduit pipe forty-two inches in diameter; whence, in 1852, the works were removed to Seething Wells, Ditton, twenty-three miles by the river-course from London Bridge. Thence the water is supplied by the Company's reservoirs at Brixton, ten  $\frac{3}{4}$ -miles distance, by steam-pumping engines, at the rate of 10,000,000 gallons daily. From these reservoirs, 100 feet above the Thames, the water

flows by its own gravity through the mains; but at Norwood it is lifted by steam-power, 350 feet, or the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, above the supplying river. ("Curiosities of London," new edit. 1868.) In Belvedere Road, named from the old mansion, is the Lion Ale Brewery, built in 1836; the upper floor is an immense tank for water, supplying the floor below, where the boiled liquor is cooled; it then descends into fermenting-tuns, in the storey beneath, next to the floor for fining; and, lastly, to the cellar or store-vats. Belvedere Gardens adjoined Cuper's Gardens; and upon the site of the former was a saw-mill erected in the time of Cromwell, and which he protected by Act of Parliament from the violence of those who dreaded the invention. Curiously enough, almost upon this very spot are now erected some of the largest saw-mills in this country.

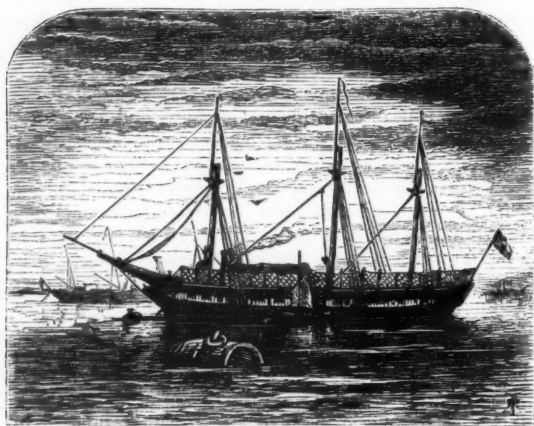
In Lambeth Marsh, or near to it, resided one Thomas Bushell, a man of scientific attainments, and a friend of Lord Chancellor Bacon. He obtained from Charles I a grant to coin silver money, for the purposes of the King, when the use of his mint at the Tower was denied to him. When Cromwell assumed the Protectorate, Bushell hid himself in an old house in the Marsh, which had a turret to it. Here in a large garret, extending the length of the premises, Bushell lay concealed upwards of a year; he hung the apartment with black; at one end of it was a skeleton extended on a mattress, and at the other was a low bed, on which Bushell slept; while on the dismal hangings on the wall were depicted several emblems of mortality. After the Restoration, Charles II supported Bushell in his inventive dreams; he died in 1664, aged eighty, and was buried in the little cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

At Vauxhall formerly stood Copt Hall, a house of historic interest. In 1615 it was built by Sir Thomas Parry, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, to whose close custody in this house was committed Lady Arabella Stuart, on account of having married privately William Seymour, grandson of the Earl of Hertford. This lady was the only child of the fifth Earl of Lennox, uncle to King James I, and great grandson of King Henry VII. Her double relationship to royalty was obnoxious to the jealousy of Queen Elizabeth and the timidity of James I, who equally dreaded her having legitimate issue, and prevented her from marrying in a suitable manner. The lady was kept in custody at Copt Hall, and Seymour was sent to the Tower. They both escaped the same day, 3rd of June, 1611. He got to Flanders, but she was taken in Calais Roads, and committed a close prisoner to the Tower, where she became a lunatic, and died in the Tower, 27th September, 1615 (Tanswell's "History of Lambeth.") Copt Hall was surrendered to Charles I, and was subsequently described as Vaux Hall: it contained "modes and utensils for practical inventions;" and after the Restoration there was allowed to settle here one Jasper Calthoff, a Dutchman, who was employed in making guns and other warlike instruments for his Majesty's service; shortly after, part of the premises was occupied by a sugar-baker; and next a large distillery was built here. There was a tradition that this house, or the neighbouring one of Vauxhall, was the residence of Guy Fawkes; but there is no mention of him as an under-tenant on the records. A family named Vause, or Vaux, had been inhabitants of Lambeth for nearly a hundred years; but, had Guy been their relation, and known to them (as he must have been had he inhabited a capital house at Vauxhall), he could never have thought of passing for a servant to Percy, who lived at Lambeth (as did John Wright, one

of the conspirators), and from whose house some of the combustibles were conveyed across the Thames to the Horseferry, and placed under the Parliament House, Westminster. The house in which the conspirators stored their combustibles was certainly at Lambeth, and near the river side; it was merely hired for this purpose in 1604, and was probably occupied by Catesby and Percy; it was "burnt to the ground by powder in 1635."

## THE QUEEN'S JOURNAL.\*

I.



ROYAL GEORGE SAILING YACHT.

IN due time we hope to see a "People's Edition of the Queen's Book." Reviews and newspaper extracts have made the general contents pretty widely known; but the present price limits the possession of the volume to comparatively few. We should like to see a copy in every English home; for it is a book worthy of higher use than satisfying the curiosity of the idle and affording pleasure to the wealthy. We want it as a help to the education of the people—their education in what is true and good in life, and in what is beautiful in nature and art. Above all, it is a book the influence of which will be felt in fostering the love of hearth and home, and in strengthening those domestic and social ties that form the true defence and glory of our native land.

In this view the keynote to the work is struck in the brief and touching dedication, "To the dear memory of him who made the life of the writer bright and happy." With no ambition of authorship, and no display of royal state, the pages of this book are really what they call themselves, "Leaves from the Diary" of a happy wife and fond mother.

Under ordinary circumstances this private journal might never have gone beyond the circle of the writer's home; but happily it has been otherwise ordered. The Queen has been pleased to tell to the great body of her subjects the story of her domestic life, writing simply and freely of her joys and sorrows, her tastes and occupations, her feelings and sympathies. The people now know the truth about many things of which they had

before only vague though generally correct surmises. And this confidence on the part of the Queen has been met by a love and loyalty which will be increased the more the book is known.

The volume is divided into three parts:—"Earlier Visits to Scotland," "Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861," and "Tours in England and Ireland, and Yachting Excursions." They possess different degrees of interest. To many the first will appear the most charming, since it takes us back to the younger days, to the married girlhood of Queen Victoria, when, released for a while from the ceremonies and adulations of the capital, she went to Scotland to catch a first glimpse of its wild and brilliant landscape, of its ancient and lofty cities, of its population, aglow with loyalty, hospitality, gaiety, and independence. This was in the autumn of 1842—six-and-twenty years ago—a distance of time often touchingly referred to in later pages.

The journey was made from Windsor to London by rail, and by road to Woolwich, where the youthful sovereign embarked with her husband on board the Royal George, with a magnificent squadron as escort. The royal yacht was a very different ship from the Victoria and Albert of later years. The voyage was tedious, but thoroughly enjoyed by the Queen. "I saw Fern Island," she writes, "with Grace Darling's lighthouse on it." Singularly enough, that very morning Grace Darling lay dead in her cabin on the Northumbrian coast. The people at sea and ashore were giving merry and distant welcomes to the lady of the land just then passing, "fancy free," through their waters, dancing and piping in their boats, and kindling bonfires



SANDY M'ARA AND THE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

\* "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861, with Extracts giving Account of Earlier Visits to Scotland and Towns in England and Ireland." Smith, Elder, and Co. Our illustrations of the Athole country are from sketches by Robert Taylor Pritchett, made during visits to Blair Castle, and now reproduced with the sanction of the Duchess of Athole. In some of the other pictures (to appear in our next part), Mr. Pritchett has found assistance in photographs taken by Wilson, of Aberdeen.

on their hills; and the seamen tripped it upon deck, eliciting from her Majesty one of many amiable compliments to the naval service of her kingdom, "They are so handy and well conducted."

The Queen, from the outset, was enchanted with Scot-



land, with Edinburgh and its environs, with the architecture, the scenery, and the people. "The impression | thing built of massive stone: there is not a brick to be seen anywhere. The High Street, which is pretty steep,



A FINE HUNT ON BENT-VENIE.

Edinburgh has made upon us is very great; it is quite | is very fine. Then the Castle, situated on the grand rock beautiful, totally unlike anything else I have seen; and | in the middle of the town, is most striking. On the



PETER FRASER AND FOREST LODGE.

what is even more, Albert, who has seen so much, says | other side the Calton Hill, with the National Monument, it is unlike anything he ever saw; it is so regular, every- | Nelson's Monument, Burns's Monument, the Gaol, the

High School, etc., all magnificent buildings, and with Arthur's Seat in the background, overtopping the whole, form altogether a splendid spectacle. "Albert said he felt sure the Acropolis could not be finer; and I hear they sometimes call Edinburgh 'the modern Athens.'" The enthusiasm was very great, and the people very friendly and kind." Here she "saw several handsome girls and children with long hair; indeed, all the poor girls of sixteen and seventeen, down to two or three years old, have loose flowing hair, a great deal of it red." These, be it remembered, are the *naïve* observations of a Queen just twenty-three years old, visiting for the first time one nation of her subjects. And here the simplicity, as free from affectation as from egotism, of her disposition begins to show itself. They dined, and "everybody was very kind and civil, and full of inquiries as to our voyage." Next morning the young Monarch tastes oatmeal porridge and Finnon haddock, finding both to be sufficiently good. Then there were trips and parties, and rides and drives, and visits to castles and villages, and to the fishwomen, "generally young and pretty—very clean and very Dutch-looking;" and a Drawing-room, and addresses from provosts and magistrates, churches and universities, "to which I read answers. Albert received his just after I did mine, and read his answers beautifully." It was all a triumph; no shadow of care in these young days.

But in that early time, Victoria, already accustomed to regal state, proved that she looked with interest upon whatever appertained to the history of kings and queens in her dominions. Her pilgrimages were made to Holyrood, "that royal-looking old place;" to Dalhousie, "where no British Sovereign had been since Henry IV.;" to the Crown Jewel Chamber at the Castle; to the room in which James VI of Scotland and I of England was born—"such a very, very small room, with an old prayer written on the wall"—to Loch Leven, near the castle whence "poor Queen Mary escaped;" to the mound on which "the ancient Scottish kings were always crowned;" to "the old arch with James VI's arms;" to the "sycamore tree planted by James VI.," and to the age-blotted leaves of the book from Perth, "in which the last signatures are those of James I of England and of Charles I." The Queen and Prince Albert were asked to unite their names beneath those historic signatures, and did so. With these exceptions, there is hardly anything in the volume to remind us of its writer's paramount station in society—unless we take such phrases as the following, in allusion to Lord Breadalbane's chivalrous welcome:—"It seemed as if a great chieftain in olden feudal times were receiving his Sovereign."

It was her out-of-door life, however, that the young Queen chiefly enjoyed—the mountain scenery, the woodland borders of the lakes, the songs of the boatmen on the waters, the glens and hamlets, and glimpses of shepherd manners on the brown slopes. In all this she luxuriated, and records a deep regret when, in little more than a fortnight, her back was turned on Scotland, and her face set in the direction of Windsor Castle. It had been, practically, the first freedom of her life. The next visit was made about the same season, two years later. The journal begins:—"We got up at a quarter to six o'clock. We breakfasted. Mamma came to take leave of us; Alice and the baby (Prince Alfred) were brought in, poor little things, to wish us 'good bye.' Then good Bertie (the Prince of Wales) came to see us, and Vicky (the Princess Royal) appeared as *voyageuse*, and was all impatience to go." The eldest-born of our Queen seems to have been, from the beginning, an excel-

lent traveller. "I said to Albert, I could hardly believe that our child was travelling with us—it put me so in mind of myself when I was 'The Little Princess.'" We quote these slight passages as exemplifications of the perfectly natural tone in which her Majesty describes her earlier experience. "We got out at an inn," she writes, "which was small, but clean, at Dunkeld, to let Vicky have some broth. Vicky stood and bowed to the people out of the window. There never was such a good traveller as she is, sleeping in the carriage at her usual times; not put out, not frightened at noise or crowds, but pleased and amused." Such are some of the pleasant glimpses, where the mother more than the queen appears.

Never did English tourist more heartily enter into all the delights of travelling in Scotland, nor more thoroughly appreciate the scenery of the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood."

Thus, in Blair Athole she admiringly writes of the grand scenery:—

"Blair Castle, Blair Athole, Thursday, Sept. 12.

"We took a delightful walk of two hours. Immediately near the house the scenery is very wild, which is most enjoyable. The moment you step out of the house you see those splendid hills all round. We went to the left, through some neglected pleasure-grounds, and then through the wood, along a steep winding path overhanging the rapid stream. These Scotch streams, full of stone and clear as glass, are most beautiful; the peeps between the trees, the depth of the shadows, the mossy stones, mixed with slate, etc., which cover the banks, are lovely; at every turn you have a picture. We were up high, but could not get to the top: Albert in such delight; it is happiness to see him, he is in such spirits. We came back by a higher drive, and then went to the factor's house, still higher up, where Lord and Lady Glenlyon are living, having given Blair up to us. We walked on to a cornfield, where a number of women were cutting and reaping the oats ('shearing,' as they call it in Scotland), with a splendid view of the hills before us, so rural and romantic, and so unlike our daily Windsor walk (delightful as that is); and this change does such good: as Albert observes, it refreshes one for a long time. We then went into the kitchen garden, and to a walk from which there is a magnificent view. This mixture of great wildness and art is perfection."

"At a little before four o'clock Albert drove me out in the pony phaeton till nearly six—such a drive! Really, to be able to sit in one's pony carriage and to see such wild, beautiful scenery as we did, the farthest point being only five miles from the house, is an immense delight. We drove along Glen Tilt, through the wood overhanging the river Tilt, which joins the Garry, and as we left the wood we came upon such a lovely view—Ben-y-Ghlo straight before us—and under these high hills the river Tilt, gushing and winding over stones and slates, and the hills and mountains skirted at the bottom with beautiful trees; the whole lit up by the sun, and the air so pure and fine; but no description can at all do it justice, or give an idea of what this drive was. 'Oh! what can equal the beauties of nature!'"

Very touching is the gentle womanly way in which her husband is linked in all her enjoyments, Albert's delight, and Albert's remarks being always noted. Prince Albert was extremely fond of deer-stalking. Here is his own description of the sport, given in a letter to Prince Leiningen:—



"Without doubt deer-stalking is one of the most fatiguing, but it is also one of the most interesting of pursuits. There is not a tree or a bush behind which you can hide yourself. . . One has, therefore, to be constantly on the alert in order to circumvent them, and to keep under the hill out of their wind, crawling on hands and knees, and dressed entirely in grey."

On many occasions the Queen joined the shooting-party, and has given the following account of a day in Blair Athole:—

"We drove nearly to Peter Fraser's house, which is between the Marble Lodge and Forest Lodge. Here Albert and I walked about a little, and then Lady Canning; mounted our ponies and set off on our journey, Lord Glenlyon leading my pony the whole way; Peter Fraser, the head keeper, (a wonderfully active man) leading the way, Sandy and six other Highlanders carrying rifles and leading dogs, and the rear brought up by two ponies with our luncheon-box. Lawley, Albert's jäger, was also there, carrying one of Albert's rifles; the other Albert slung over his right shoulder, to relieve Lawley. So we set off, and wound round and round the hill, which had the most picturesque effect imaginable. Such a splendid view all around, finer and more extensive the higher we went! The day was delightful; but the sun very hot. We saw the highest point of Ben-y-Ghlo, which one cannot see from below, and the distant range of hills we had seen from Tulloch was beautifully softened by the slightest haze. We saw Loch Vach. The road was very good, and, as we ascended, we had to speak in a whisper, as, indeed, we did almost all day, for fear of alarming deer unawares. The wind was, however, right, which is everything here for the deer. I wish we could have had Landseer with us to sketch our party, with the background, it was so pretty, as were also the various 'halts,' etc. If I only had had time to sketch them!

"We stopped at the top of the Chrianan, whence you look down an immense height. It is here that the eagles sometimes sit. Albert got off and looked about in great admiration, and walked on a little, and then remounted his pony. We then went nearly to the top of Cairn Chlamain, and here we separated, Albert going off with Peter Lawley and two other keepers to get a 'quiet shot,' as they call it, and Lady Canning, Lord Glenlyon, and I went up quite to the top, which is deep in moss. Here we sat down and stayed some time, sketching the ponies below, Lord Glenlyon and Sandy remaining near us. The view was quite beautiful—nothing but mountains all around us, and the solitude, the complete solitude, very impressive. We saw the range of Mar Forest, and the inner range to the left, receding from us, as we sat facing the hill called Scarsach, where the counties of Perth, Aberdeen, and Inverness join. My pony was brought up for me, and we then descended this highest pinnacle, and proceeded on a level to meet Albert, whom I descried coming towards us. We met him shortly after; he had had bad luck, I am sorry to say. We then sat down on the grass and had some luncheon; then I walked a little with Albert, and we got on our ponies. As we went on towards home some deer were seen in Glen Chroime, which is called the 'Sanctum!' where it is supposed that there are a great many. Albert went off after this, and we remained on Sron-a-Chro for an hour. I am sure, as Lord Glenlyon said, by so doing we should turn the deer to Albert; whereas, if we went on, we should disturb and spoil the whole thing. So we submitted. Albert looked like a little speck creeping about on a



opposite hill. We saw four heads of deer, two of them close to us. It was a beautiful sight.

"Meanwhile I saw the sun sinking gradually, and I got quite alarmed lest we should be benighted, and we called anxiously for Sandy, who had gone away for a

hills sharper. I never saw anything so fine. It soon, however, grew very dark.

"At length Albert met us, and he told me he had waited all the time for us, as he knew how anxious I should be. He had been very unlucky, and had lost



BLAIR CASTLE, FROM THE PARK.

moment, to give the signal to come back. We then began our descent, 'squinting' the hill, the ponies going as safely and securely as possible. As the sun went down

his temper, for the rifle would not go off just when he could have shot some fine harts; yet he was as merry and cheerful as if nothing had happened to dis-



THE HALL DOOR, BLAIR CASTLE.

the scenery became more and more beautiful, the sky crimson, golden red and blue, and the hills looking purple and lilac, most exquisite, till at length it set, and the hues grew softer in the sky, and the outline of the

appoint him. We got down safely to the bridge, our ponies going most surely, though it was quite dusk when we were at the bottom of the hill. We walked to the Marble Lodge, and then got into the pony carriage and

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drove home by very bright moonlight, which made everything look very lovely; but the road made one a little nervous.

"We saw a flight of ptarmigan, with their white wings, on the top of Sron-a-Chro; also plovers, grouse,

The arrival and reception at Taymouth are thus described:—

"At a quarter to six we reached Taymouth. At the gate a guard of Highlanders, Lord Breadalbane's men, met us. Taymouth lies in a valley surrounded by very



MARBLE LODGE, GLEN TILT.

and pheasants. We were safely home by a quarter to eight."

Whenever the Queen paid a visit to any of the nobles of the north she was received with truly Scottish enthusiasm. Two of these state visits may be given as instances.

Here is the description of the reception at Inverary Castle:—

"Our reception was in the true Highland fashion. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll (dear Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower), the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Stafford, Lady Caroline Leveson Gower, and the Blantys received us at the landing-place, which was all ornamented with heather. The Celtic Society, including Campbell of Islay, his two sons (one grown up, and the other a very pretty little boy), with a number of his men, and several other Campbells, were all drawn up near to the carriage. We got into a carriage with the two Duchesses, Charles and the Duke being on the box (we had left the children on board the Fairy), and took a beautiful drive amongst magnificent trees, and along a glen where we saw Ben Sheerer, etc. The weather was particularly fine, and we were much struck by the extreme beauty of Inverary—presenting as it does such a combination of magnificent timber, with high mountains and a noble lake.

"The pipers walked before the carriage, and the Highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorn, just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother; he is such a merry, independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporrán,' scarf, and Highland bonnet. We lunched at two with our host, the Highland gentlemen standing with halberds in the room. We sent, for our children, who arrived during luncheon time. We left Inverary before three, and took the children with us in the carriage. The Argylls, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the others accompanied us on board the Fairy, where we took leave of them."

high wooded hills; it is most beautiful. The house is a kind of castle, built of granite. The *coup d'œil* was indescribable. Here were a number of Lord Breadalbane's Highlanders, all in the Campbell tartan, drawn



TAYMOUTH CASTLE, FROM THE FORT.

up in front of the house, with Lord Breadalbane himself in a Highland dress at their head; a few of Sir Neil Menzie's men (in the Menzies' red and white tartan), a

number of pipers playing, and a company of the 92nd Highlanders, also in kilts. The firing of the guns, the cheering of the great crowd, the picturesqueness of the dresses, the beauty of the surrounding country, with its rich background of wooded hills, altogether formed one of the finest scenes imaginable. It seemed as if a great chieftain in olden feudal times was receiving his sovereign. It was princely and romantic. Lord and Lady Breadalbane took us upstairs, the hall and stairs being lined with Highlanders."

The mention of the arrival at Taymouth leads to the introduction of the following simple and touching note:—

"I revisited Taymouth last autumn, on the 3rd of October, from Dunkeld (*incognita*), with Louise, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, and Miss MacGregor. As we could not have driven through the grounds without asking permission, and as we did not wish to be known, we decided upon not attempting to do so, and contented ourselves with getting out at a gate close to a small fort, into which we were led by a woman from the gardener's house, near to which we had stopped, and who had no idea who we were.

"We got out and looked from this height down upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything; and there, unknown, quite in private, I gazed—not without emotion—on the scene of our reception twenty years ago by dear Lord Breadalbane, in a princely style not to be equalled in grandeur and poetic effect.

"Albert and I were only twenty-three, young and happy. How many are gone that were with us then!

"I was very thankful to have seen it again.

"It seemed unaltered.—1866."

#### WHAT I SAW OF THE AMBER TRADE.

ANYONE wishing, from motives of curiosity, to live awhile in a bygone age, or rather, to learn from actual observation the way some people lived one hundred years ago, should visit the city of Königsberg, on the Prengel, in the eastern part of Prussia.

The people of that city move about as though they had not the slightest fear of being harmed by time or anything else, except by a little activity. The only thing new to be seen there is occasionally a new moon. Everything in the place looks antique. The children look as though they had been children for many years, and would be so for many years to come. The people, however, must have changed a little within the last three or four hundred years, for the present generation do not seem to have energy enough to accomplish the work man has at some time performed in completing so respectable an old city. The magnificent cathedral, containing the remarkable organ with 5000 pipes, and many other public buildings, show that its inhabitants were once young, energetic, and ambitious.

Only three days are required for "doing" Königsberg. To a person fond of travelling, a longer residence in the city will become somewhat wearisome—especially should he be in want of money. Being in the latter predicament, and also desirous of moving on, I did not find myself much in a fix at Königsberg. I am a seaman—one who follows that occupation as the most convenient way of travelling on an income limited to the wages of manual labour. Not wishing at the moment to leave that part of Europe, I joined a small vessel that was to be employed near the mouth of the Dange, in gathering amber.

A large and deep deposit of mud or soft clay, containing much amber, had lately been found not far from Memel, and we were employed to work upon it. Between Königsberg and the Frische-Haff we saw several places where people had been, or were digging for amber, although the work does not appear to be very profitable. The amber obtained in that way on those "diggings" only amounts to about 500 pounds per annum, and too much work is required in obtaining that amount to make the labour remunerative.

Two of my companions told me that they had spent several months in digging for amber, and had worked hard for a miserable living, until they had reluctantly been compelled to give up the business.

I asked, "Why reluctantly?" and learnt that the business could be followed only with the same infatuation that enslaves the gambler—the hope of making as much in an hour as can be made by saving the wages of some ordinary employment for years.

The day after leaving Königsberg we were anchored over that part of the mud-bank where the company had purchased the right of dredging, and were making preparations for work. We commenced business in a more extensive or scientific manner than dredging for amber had usually been performed. The dredging machinery was worked by a steam-engine, and the contents of the buckets were emptied into a barge alongside. Four men were stationed in the barge, employed in turning over the clay and other substances brought up in the buckets, searching for the amber.

I had an opportunity of seeing the result of our first day's work. It consisted of one piece of an inferior quality, weighing about three ounces, and worth about as many shillings. Several other smaller pieces were found, but were of little value, as they could only (I was told) be used for dissolving and making into a varnish principally used by photographers.

The price of amber varies according to size and quality of the pieces. A piece weighing but half an ounce, and worth two shillings, would probably be worth three or four times that sum if only double the weight. Some amber is so discoloured by substances that have adhered to and become mixed with it before being hardened, that it will not bring in the market more than four or five shillings per pound. Other pieces that are clear, or that can be used as specimens, containing insects preserved in perfect shape, are worth from £10 to £17 per pound.

The largest piece of which I heard, and which is said to be the largest ever found, was owned by a firm of amber merchants in Dantzic, who have long kept it in their possession; it weighs twelve pounds. The largest piece found in recent years near Memel weighs about five pounds, and it was said to be worth over 400 Prussian dollars.

The right of gathering amber on the east coast of Prussia was once monopolised by a company. This monopoly was extinguished in 1847, and since then the owners of land on the shores can confer the right of collecting it, although I believe a small fee has to be paid to the government. Dantzic was once the principal port for the trade in amber, but the business is now mostly centred at Memel. The trade in amber between England and Prussia is fast increasing. A few years ago, nearly all the amber reached us in a manufactured state, but now we receive the most of it as it is found on the coasts.

It is estimated that more than 74,000 pounds were procured by dredging in 1866. The amount last year was undoubtedly much larger. A good deal of amber is

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obtained along the shore of the Frische-Haff by hand-dredging with small nets, and many people earn a living in this manner. They are always most successful after a violent storm, which has disturbed the bottom of the bay along the shore and exposed the pieces of amber to the action of the dredges.

While at work attending the dredge, I was enabled to obtain a little practical experience of the business of gathering amber. I learnt that it was hard, wet, and dirty work, for which those employed on wages were but poorly paid. At this, however, I could not complain, for it was no more than was expected when entering into the business. On the third day we were at work we were very successful. Nearly every bucket of dirt emptied into the barge contained several pieces of amber. We had found a part of the bank where a large quantity had been deposited, and that day we must have obtained nearly two hundred pounds. Many of the pieces were very clear and valuable. This was much the best day's work we had while I was on the dredge.

Had I been a rich man, I could have afforded to remain in that employment during the season, but being poor, I could not. The most to be gained in the business was a little experience with men and mud by day, and a knowledge of the game of "lansquenet" in the evening. These things were not worth suffering much and long to learn, and I determined to leave.

One day we were visited by the skipper of an English ship lying about a mile away, waiting for the turn of the tide. I prevailed on the skipper to give me a passage to Dantzic, and as but little objection was made to my leaving, I bade my gambling companions "goot tay," and left them.\*

I believe that learned men have disputed much about the origin of amber. From the foreign substances contained in it, and from its occurring in connection with lignite or fossil wood, it appears to be a resinous exudation from ancient forests. As to its uses in commerce, I believe it is used in medicine, and in art for preparing varnish; and also for necklaces and other ornaments, of which the most known to me are mouthpieces of pipes.

## Original Fables.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

### EXCITEMENT.

Puff, puff, went the bellows.

Up went the flame.

Puff, puff, went the bellows.

The flame rose stronger and higher.

"Am I not bright, noble, genial?" cried the Fire.

"Burn away," said the Bellows, and stopped blowing.

The flame faded, and the ruddy light grew pale.

"So," said the Bellows, "I don't think much of your brightness; you can only burn while I blow. Give me the steady flame, that keeps strong and clear without the help of puffing."

\* The annexed paragraph I have cut out of an English newspaper since my return:—The little fishing village of Schwarzwort, situated on the shores of the Baltic, between Memel and Dantzic, about two leagues to the south of the former place, has within the last three years acquired a certain importance, owing to the discovery of a large bed of amber. This bed is situated near the Cape Korning, and is believed to be extensive. Four steam dredges are employed for the collection of the amber, as well as a considerable number of dredges worked by hand. The amber is found almost uniformly in separate nodules, with lignite, disseminated in the sands at a depth of from ten feet to twelve feet. The dredging is carried on day and night, by shifts of eight hours each. About 400 persons are employed at this work, and their wages are, on the average, 22 silver-groschen (2s. 2d.) per shift. The quantity of amber collected is considerable, amounting to about 238 lbs. per shift, and for six days' work 5,194 lbs. The sand is sent on shore, when it is washed in order to find the amber.

### ABOUT CRITICS.

"Hold that poor, thin twitter of yours, Bob!" said the Raven to the Robin.

Bob generally took a good deal to be daunted; but he stood now half ashamed, till, recovering himself, he said, "Beg pardon, sir, I have been thought to sing like the nightingale here, by very good judges."

"Nightingale! A melancholy, woe-begone ditty she gives. Keep me from nightingales!" said the Raven.

"Ah, I see; you like something cheerful, sir—like this lark who has just come down, for instance."

"Lark! Insufferably monotonous," said the Raven.

"Oh, variety, then, is what you require; and here is the thrush; *she* is the songster for you!" said Bob.

"The thrush has good notes and variety, and is cheerful, I admit; but oh! so intensely *rustic* and familiar—absolutely vulgar!" said the Raven.

"Sir," said Bobby, with a waggish look, "I wish *you* would give us a song, that we might know what good singing really is."

The Raven sidled off, provoked and offended.

"He put us down when he never could do anything but *craak*! No, no, my friends, we won't stand *that*," said Bobby; and he set up one of his loudest twitters immediately.

### PROVE YOUR PRINCIPLES.

"I WISH I could open your eyes to the true misery of our condition: injustice, tyranny, and oppression!" said a discontented Hack to a weary-looking Cob, as they stood side by side in unhired cabs.

"I'd rather have them opened to something pleasant, thank you," replied the Cob.

"I am sorry for you. If you could enter into the noble aspirations—" the Hack began.

"Talk plain. What would you have?" said the Cob, interrupting him.

"What would I have? Why, equality, and share and share alike all over the world," said the Hack.

"You mean that?" said the Cob.

"Of course I do. What right have those sleek pampered hunters and racers to their warm stables and high feed, their grooms and jockeys? It is really heart-sickening to think of it," replied the Hack.

"I don't know but you may be right," said the Cob, "and to show I'm in earnest, as no doubt you are, let me have half the good beans you have in your bag, and you shall have half the musty oats and chaff I have in mine. There's nothing like proving one's principles."

### REASON IS REASON, THOUGH NOT SEEN.

"WHY shouldn't we go abroad for the winter, like the swallows, and lots besides?" asked the House Sparrow.

"Can't say, indeed," replied his friend.

"We are quite as numerous," said the Sparrow. "See what flocks we make."

"Quite," said his friend.

"And we have good wings, and we don't like cold weather and starvation any more than they do," said the Sparrow.

"True," said his friend.

"Then why *don't* we go abroad?" said the Sparrow.

"That's beyond me to explain," said the other; "but indeed, brother, though not very old, I have lived long enough in the world to see there are many things I can't account for; and when I meet with one like this, I make up my mind that the fault doesn't lie in its unreasonableness, but in my incapability of understanding it. By this rule, no doubt, the swallows satisfy themselves that it is right they should have to go abroad while we stop at home."

### WHY THE LARK IS A FAVOURITE.

"I CAN'T think what makes the Lark such a favourite," said the Robin to the Thrush; "he hasn't a feather that isn't dull or dingy. He's not to be compared with *me* that way."

"His feathers are well enough," said the Thrush, rather resenting the reflection on sober colours; "but I can't say I think his song worth the fuss they make about it. I should be sorry to change my notes for his."

"Friends," said the Lark, as he rose from behind them, "I will tell you what makes me a favourite. It is neither my dress nor my music in itself; but it is because I sing where few other birds sing, and am more the songster of the free air than any of you. You must have your covert, or your thicket, or your grove, or your brake, so that, as far as you are concerned, it is 'no bush, no bird;' but I am content with the hedgeless field, or bushless uplands, and send down my song full and free, from the heights of the cloudless sky, to cheer the wayfarer when he is out of the way of other music, and hopes for none."

#### HOW TO WORK.

"SUKEY you've got an easy life of it," grumbled the Pot to the Kettle; "sitting there like a lady all day long, with nothing to do but boil a little water and sing a pretty song."

"I do what is given me to do, and do it cheerfully," said Sukey. "One can but be employed, and you, when you are sputtering over your pudding or potatoes, and the Fryingpan, when he is spitting with his cakes, are on no harder service, really, than I am; but everything depends on the way you take work. *I sing over mine!*"

#### STRENGTH VERSUS CUNNING.

"POON! you're not worth running after," said the Dog to the Plover, as he dropped his wing as if it were broken, and ran haltingly to lure him from the nest.

But the Plover flew on as the Dog closed on him, dropping his wing again, however, in a minute, and limping as before.

"Stupid work this!" said the Dog. "I shall be up to you now;" and he ran rather quicker, not doubting he could catch his prey when he had resolved to do it.

At length, after many feigned flights, the Plover, secure of his object, left the Dog in great dudgeon, while he pealed his whistle of defence, and took his long, wheeling flight over the moor, to return to the nest by another way.

"What a blockhead I was to be taken in by him!" said the Dog; "but how is an honest fellow with only one end in view to match an adversary that does one thing and means another?"

#### A TIME TO WEEP.

"You are very ungrateful to complain," said the Knife to the Hedge. "Don't you know that I am slashing away at you for your good? Why, every cut I give you will tell, and when spring comes you will be so gay in green leaves, that the birds will delight to build in you."

"Sir," said the Hedge, "in the spring, when my wounds are healed, I will thank you; but at present I am too much occupied with my smart to be able to rejoice in the prospect of green leaves."

#### FIT WORK FOR OWLS.

"MOTHER, what a fine house we live in!" said an Owlet, as he nestled with the old bird in the ivy on the castle tower.

"Yes, my son, it is a fine house," said the Owl.

"Did you build it, mother?" he asked.

"No, my son," she replied.

"Did your father build it?"

"No, my son, no; it was not *originally* built for owls. Once there was not a crack for the ivy to take root in, nor a chink to hold a nest."

"Oh, what a dull place it must have been then!" said the Owlet. "Who improved it to its present state?—the *owls*, I suppose."

"Yes, my son; I daresay it was the *owls*," his mother replied. "I should think none but owls would dream of turning a good sound building into a ruin, just to suit their own ends."

#### TROUBLE FOR NOTHING.

"SHINE out, mamma; don't you see how they twinkle at us?" said a young Glowworm to her mother.

"The stars, do you mean, my dear?" asked the mother.

"Yes, if you call them stars; they are staring at us finely," said the daughter.

"Bless your little heart!" said her mother; "do you think they can see us?"

"Why not? we can see *them*," replied the daughter.

"Because, my dear, their light is strong enough to travel to us, but ours is too feeble to be seen many yards from the earth. We might shine our hearts out, and the stars would never know we were in existence."

#### BENEATH TEACHING.

"YAC, yac, yac!" barked the little dog, as Lion and Nero walked through the yard.

"Yac, yac!" he cried again and again, running off, however, as soon as they looked at him.

"Give the impudent little brute a grip, to teach him," said Nero.

"I!" exclaimed Lion. "No, friend, when I fight, it is with dogs of breeding, not with puppies or mongrel curs."

### Poetry.

#### SPRING.

SOFTLY in Winter's place,  
Spring steals out on the earth and stands with half-frightened face;

For the frost smell still is keen and the wind is coarse and loud,  
And the eddying snow-flakes fall from the edge of the full-filled cloud.

Lo, she is timid and young,  
But nowhere in all the fields is heard one welcoming tongue.  
Cold are the black marsh pools; in the wood on a lonely beech  
Flutters the last of the leaves, red, ragged, and out of reach.

Nearer and yet more near  
Every day does she come, and the low skies heighten and clear,  
And change into fresh soft blue as when, in a glad surprise,  
Eyelids are lifted up from the azure of innocent eyes.

Then, with a throb in the throat,  
Up gets a robin and sings a sharp, blithe, twittering note;  
Sudden he stops in alarm and flies to a tree in the lane,  
Near to the house-door safe, and there he carols again.

All by himself at first;  
But in a moment or two the thrush gives a wild out-burst,  
Then join the ring-dove and finch, and the little hedge-wren  
Chirps fast,  
For Winter, black Winter is gone, and Spring has come to them at last.

Straight to the thrill of the sound,  
Primroses push thro' the moss that cumbers the moistened ground,  
And the forget-me-nots spread far thro' the thick, wild brake,  
With violets voicelessly glad—so glad for the dear Spring's sake.

Widely, in woodlands brown,  
Greaten the tiny buds, and the tender leaves hang down,  
Blossoms the guelder rose, and the lilac's purples unfold,  
Mixed with the heavy drip of the yellow laburnum's gold.

Early, with early sunrise,  
Eager with tremulous joy, flutter the butterflies,  
And to the twinkling stream the gnats and the midges come,  
And the bee goes by on the wind with solemn approving hum.

Spring, no longer afraid,  
Walks with a soft low laugh on thro' the sun and the shade,  
Colours the rose on the wall, fills all the flowers with scent,  
Then in the eventide rests in a calm content.

Oh, to be wise as Spring!  
Gentleness conquers at last every stern, dark thing;  
Mercy wins on its way; Patience is strong and sweet;  
Faith with these three combined brings the world to our feet.

Look then to One above:  
God who gives us the Spring gives us also his Love,  
Strong in its sunny warmth—which, touching the cold dead soul,  
Calls it at once to life, and some day will perfect the whole.